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P O E M
ON THE
LAST DAY

By EDWARD YOUNG Fellow of All-Souls
College, Oxon.

Venit Summa Dies. Virg.

The Second Edition.



OXFORD,
Printed at the THEATRE for Edward Whistler,
MDCCXIII.

Imprimatur,

BERN. GARDINER,

VICE-CAN. OXON

Maii 19. 1713.



OXFORD
Printed at the University Press for E. & J. Widdows
MDCCLXIII.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
QUEEN.

MADAM,

M*Y only Title to the Great Honour, I now do my Self, is the Obligation I have formerly received from Your Royal Indulgence; which I remember with the utmost Gratitude. I*
was

DEDICATION.

was indeed Uneasy, till I had be-
thought my self of some means of reliev-
ing my Heart by expressing it's Ac-
knowledgments; My Inclination carry'd
me to Poetry, Your Virtues determin'd
me to Sacred Poetry above all other;
and in that Kind there is no Subject
more Exalted, and Affecting, than this
which I have chosen; it's very first
Mention Snatches away the Soul to
the Borders of Eternity, Surrounds it
with Wonders, Opens to it on every
band the most Surprizing Scenes of
Awe, and Astonishment, and Ter-
minates it's view with nothing less
than the Fullness of Glory, and the
Throne of God.

But this may seem a very Improper
Season for any thing of so Grave and
Solemn a Nature to present it self be-
fore You, and Mingle with the Gayety
and

DEDICATION.

and Splendor of Universal Joy and Thanksgiving; Yet if we consider that the thoughts which You will meet in the following Pages are Such as are ever uppermost in Your own Heart, and that in all probability, those Great Blessings which Your People now enjoy, are the Reward of that Religious Bent of Mind, and Virtuous disposition in their Prince, I hope That may Seem less Foreign and Unseasonable, which is the Root of the Felicity now flourishing amongst Us, and Shedding its Ripen'd Fruits on our Land.

They are Strangers to Your Majesty, who think when they write to the British Throne that Victories and Triumphs must be their constant Theme; they know not there is Something You hold much Dearer than either Your Fortune or Your Glory; they have not
attended

DEDICATION.

attended to Your Unbounded Charities, they have not heard of Your Royal Care and Generosity to those who Serve at the Holy Altar; they never Sufficiently admir'd Your resolution of Building Magnificently to the Lord, and Setting wide the Gates of Salvation; in a Word, They are still to be Inform'd that Prudent Counsels, and Successfull Arms, well order'd States, and humbled Foes, are only the Second Glories of Your most Illustrious Reign.

It is, MADAM, a Prospect truly Great, to behold You Seated on your Throne, Surrounded with Your faithfull Counsellours, and Mighty Men of War, Issuing forth Commands to Your own People, or giving Audience, to the Great Princes, and powerful Rulers of the Earth; But why should we confine Your Glory here? I am pleas'd to

See

DEDICATION

See You rise from this lower World,
Soaring above the Clouds, passing the
First and Second Heavens, leaving
the fixt Stars behind You; nor will I
Lose You there, but keep You Still
in View through the boundless Spaces
on the Other Side of Creation in Your
journey toward Eternal Bliss, till I
behold the Heaven of Heavens Open,
and Angels receiving, and conveying You
Still Onward from the Stretch of my
Imagination, which tires in her Pur-
suit, and falls back again to the Earth.

What a Panegyrick is it on Hu-
man Nature, to consider, that it shall
come to pass in some Future time,
through which the thread of Your Exi-
stence shall run, that YOU Your-Self
may forget this Glorious Year, or
make its Remembrance only Serve by
Comparison to recommend Superiour

B

Honours

DEDICATION

*Honours, and more Splendid Renown?
Let us tremble at the Power of God,
and adore the profusion of his Goodness
on us his Creatures! We behold Thee,
O Queen! Great in Peace and War,
Great in thy Alliance, Greater in thy
Self, We see Thee blessing thy People,
and composing the Strifes of Europe,
We survey Thee in this full Light, this
Blaze of Sublunary Greatness, and
Own thy Glory is not Yet Begun.*

*Such Thoughts might appear, too
Warm and Affected on another Oc-
casion, but they are so Natural to Him
who presents Such a Theme to Such
a Queen that they are not without
violence to be suppress'd. When at
Your Royal leisure You turn over the
following Sheets, if You find any thing
that encourages Virtue, or disheartens
Vice, let it interceed for pardon of my*

many

DEDICATION.

*many Defects and Errours. That Your
Reign may be as Pious as it is Glorious,
and give Posterity as many instances of
Exemplary Virtue and Religion, as it
will of Eminent Talents and extraor-
dinary Capacities, that it may not only
Shine in History, and be Great in the
Annals of the Earth, but also be set
down in the Observation of Angels,
and with distinguish'd Characters be
written in the Book of Life, to give Joy
at the GREAT DAY, is the constant
Prayer of Him who is (as most par-
ticularly Oblig'd to be)*

Your *MAJESTY'S*

Most Humble

And most Obedient Subject

EDWARD YOUNG.

DEDICATION

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Your Most Obedient Subject

Most Humble

And most Obedient Subject

EDWARD YOUNG.



A
P O E M
O N T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K I

*Ipse Pater media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur Dextra ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere Ferae, & mortalia corda
Per Gentes, humilis stravit pavor. ---- Virg.*

W H I L E Others Sing the Fortune of the
[Great,
Empire, and Arms, and all the Pomp of
[State,
With Britains Heroes set their Souls on fire,
And grow Immortal as His Deeds inspire ;

I draw

A Poem on the Last Day.

I draw a Deeper Scene, a Scene that yields
 A louder Trumpet, and more dreadful Fields;
 The World alarm'd, both Earth and Heaven o'er-
 And gasping Natures last tremendous Groan;
 Death's antient Scepter broke, the Teeming Tomb,
 The Righteous Judge, and Man's Eternal Doom.

'Twixt Joy and Pain I view the bold Design,
 And ask my anxious heart if it be Mine;

Whatever Great or Dreadful has been Done,
 Within the Sight of conscious Stars or Sun,
 Is far beneath my Daring; I look down

On all the Splendors of the British Crown:
 This Globe is for my Verse a Narrow bound,
 Attend me all ye Glorious Worlds around!

O! all ye Angels, howsoever disjoin'd
 Of every various Order, Place, and Kind,
 Hear, and assist a feeble Mortal's lays;

'Tis Your Eternal King I strive to praise.

I grasp

A Poem on the Last Day.

3

But chiefly Thou Great Ruler! Lord of All!
Before whose Throne Archangels prostrate fall,
If at thy Nod, from Discord, and from Night
Sprang Beautie, and yon Sparkling Worlds of Light,
Exalt e'en Me; all inward Tumults quell,
The Clouds and Darkness of my Mind dispell,
To my Great Subject Thou my Breast inspire,
And Raise my Labouring Soul with Equal Fire:

Man bear thy Brow aloft, view every Grace
In God's great Ofspring, beauteous Nature's face;
See Spring's gay Bloom, see golden Autumn's Store;
See how Earth smiles, and hear Old Ocean roar;
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous Mail,
It makes a Tyde, and Windbound Navies sail:
Here Forests rise, the Mountain's awful Pride;
Here Rivers measure Climes, and Worlds divide;

There Valleys fraught with Gold's resplendent Seeds,
 Hold Kings, and Kingdoms Fortunes in their Beds;
 There, to the Skies, aspiring Hills ascent,
 And into distant Lands their Shades extend;
 View Citys, Armies, Fleets, of Fleets the Pride,
 See *Europe's* Law, in *Albion's* Channel ride;
 View the whole Earth's vast Landskip Unconfind,
 Or view in *Britain* all her Glories joynd

Then let the Firmament thy Wonder raise,
 'Twill raise thy Wonder, but transcend thy Praise;
 How far from East to West? the labouring Eye
 Can scarce the distant azure Bounds discry
 Wide Theater! where Tempests play at large,
 And God's right hand can all it's Wrath discharge.
 Mark how those radiant Lamps inflame the Pole,
 Call forth the Seasons, and the Year controul;
 They Shine thro' Time; with an unalter'd Ray
 See this Grand Period rise, and That decay;

A Poem on the Last Day.

So Vast, This World's a Grain; yet Myriads grace
With golden Pomp the throng'd Ethereal Space;
So Bright, with such a Wealth of Glory stor'd,
Twere Sin in Heathens not to have Ador'd.

How Great, how Firm, how Sacred All appears
How worthy an Immortal Round of Years
Yet All must drop, as Autumn's sickliest Grain,
And Earth, and Firmament be sought in vain:
The Track forgot where Constellations Shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful Throne:
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an Atom in the Mighty Void.

Sooner, or later, in some future Date,
A dreadful Secret in the Book of Fate,
This Hour, for ought all human Wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand Harvests more have rose,

From

C

When

When Scenes are chang'd on this revolving Earth,
 Old Empires fall, and give new Empires birth;
 When Other *Bourbons* rule in other Lands,
 And (if Man's Sin forbid not) Other *ANNES*;
 While the still busie World is treading o'er
 The Paths they trod five thousand Years before
 Thoughtless as those who *Now* Life's Mazes run,
 Of Earth dissolv'd, or an extinguisht Sun;

(Ye Sublunary Worlds awake, awake,
 Ye Rulers of the Nations hear and shake)
 Thick Clouds of Darkness shall arise on Day,
 In sudden Night all Earth's Dominions lay;
 Impetuous Winds the scatter'd Forests rend,
 Eternal Mountains like their Cedars bend;
 The Vallies yawn, the troubled Ocean roar,
 And break the Bondage of his wonted Shore;
 A Sanguin Stain the Silver Moon o'erspread,
 Darkness the Circle of the Sun invade;

A Poem on the last Day.

27

From inmost Heav'n incessant Thunders rowle,

And the strong Echo bound from Pole to Pole.

When loe! a Mighty Trump, One half conceal'd

In Clouds; One half to mortal Eye reveal'd,

Shall pour a dreadful Note: the piercing Call

Shall rattle in the Centre of the Ball,

Th' extended Circuit of Creation shake,

The Living dye with fear, the Dead awake.

Oh powerful Blast! to which no equal Sound

Did e'er the frighted Ear of Nature wound,

Tho' rival Clarions have been strain'd on high,

And kindled Wars immortal through the Sky,

Tho' Gods whole Enginery discharg'd, and all

The Rebel Angels bellow'd in their Fall.

Have Angels sin'd? and shall not Man beware?

How shall a Son of Earth decline the Snare?

Not folded Arms, and Slackness of the Mind

Can promise for the Safety of Mankind,

None are Supinely Good; through Care and Pain,
And various Arts the steep Ascent we gain,

This is the Scene of Combat, not of Rest,

Man's is Laborious Happiness at best;

On this side Death His Dangers never cease,

His Joys, are Joys of Conquest, not of Peace.

If then obsequious to the Will of Fate,

And owning these Conditions of our state,

When guilty Joys invite us to their Arms,

When Beautie smiles, or Grandeur spreads her

The Conscious Soul would *This* Great Scene display,
[Charms,

Call down th' Immortal Hosts in dread Array,

The *Trumpet* sound, the Christian Banner spread,

And raise from silent Graves the trembling Dead;

Such deep Impression would the Picture make,

No Pow'r on Earth her firm Resolve could shake,

Engag'd with Angels She'd Sublimely stand,

And look regardless down on Sea and Land;

A Poem on the Last Day.

19

Not proffer'd Worlds her Ardor could restrain,
And Death might shake his threatening Lance in
Her certain Conquest would endear the Fight, [vain;
And Danger serve but to supply Delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal Spring,
Whence flow the Terrors of that Day I sing;
More boldly we our Labour may pursue,
And all the dreadful Image draw to View.

The sparkling Eye, the sleek and painted Breast,
The burnish'd Scale, curl'd Train, and rising Crest,
All that is Lovely, in the noxious Snake,
Provokes our Fear, and bids us fly the Brake;
The Sting once drawn, his guiltless Beauties rise
In pleasing Lustre, and detain our Eyes;
We view with Joy, what once did Horror move,
And strong Aversion softens into Love.

Say

Say then, My Muse, whom dismal Scenes delight,
Frequent at Tombs, and in the Realms of Night,

Say, Melancholy Maid, if bold to dare
The last Extreams of Terror and Despair,

Oh say, what Change on Earth, what Heart in Man,
This blackest Moment since the World began.

Ah mournful Turn! the blissful Earth, who late
At leisure on her Axle rowl'd in State,

While thousand golden Planets knew no Rest,
Still onward in their circling Journey prest,

A grateful Change of Seasons, some to bring,
And sweet Vicissitude of Fall and Spring;

Some through vast Oceans to conduct the Keel,
And some those watry Worlds to sink, or swell;

Around Her some their Splendors to display,
And guild her Globe with Tributary Day;

A Poem on the Last Day.

III

This World so Great, of Joy the bright Abode,
Heav'n's darling Child, and Favourite of her God,
Now looks an Exile from her Father's Care,
Deliver'd o'er to Darkness and Despair;
No Sun in Radiant Glory shines on high,
No Light, but from the Terrors of the Sky;
Fall'n are her Mountains, her fam'd Rivers lost,
And All into a second Chaos tost;
One Universal Ruin spreads abroad,
Nothing is safe beneath the Throne of God.

Such, Earth, thy Fate; what then canst thou afford
To comfort, and support thy Guilty Lord?
Man, haughty Lord, of all beneath the Moon,
How must he bend his Soul's Ambition down?
Prostrate the Reptile own, and disavow
His boasted Stature, and assuming Brow?
Claim Kindred with the Clay, and curse his Form,
That speaks Distinction from his Sister Worm?

What

What dreadful Pangs the trembling Heart invade?
 Lord, why dost Thou forsake, whom Thou hast
 Who can sustain thy Anger? who can stand ^{[made?}
 Beneath the Terrors of thy lifted Hand?
 It flies the Reach of Thought; Oh save me, Pow'r
 Of Pow'r's Supreme, in that Tremendous Hour!
 Thou, who beneath the Frown of Fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful Agony sweat Blood;
 Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing Vein
 Hast felt the keenest Edge of mortal Pain,
 Whom Death led Captive through the Realms below,
 And taught those horrid Mysteries of Woe,
 Defend me, O my God! Oh save me, Power
 Of Powers Supreme, in that Tremendous Hour!

But what am I, who dare invoke thy Name?
 Can Mortals Rise to such a glorious Claim?
 Oh Greater than the Greatest! what are We,
 Thy Splendor known? the Sun's a Beam of Thee,

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A Poem on the Last Day. 13

Mankind, who to and fro one Moment run,
Are But as Atoms dancing in the Sun;
Yet what hast Thou vouchsaf'd! my God resign'd
To Pangs, to Death! the Thought o'erwhelms my [Mind;
The Skies we measure, count the Stars, and sound
With Length of Art Old Ocean's Depths profound;
But Here the Soul is Lost, we can no more
Than Think, Fall prostrate, Tremble, and Adore.

Tremble, Adore, incessant Homage pay,
And hoard up Mercy for this dreadful Day;
Who reads unmov'd Great *Mord's* sacred Page,
His *Trojan* Anguish, and his *Gracian* Rage?
When *Atreus* Son his hostile Powers withdrew,
And now the *Scian* Hinges open flew,
The good Old King indulging needful Rest,
In dewy Sleep bath'd all his heaving Chest;
At the Dead Silence of Profoundest Night
In bolts a ghastly Slave in wild Affright,

D

Throws

Throws wide His golden Curtains, and proclaims
The *Greek* insulting, and His Town in Flames;
While yet he speaks, the rapid Fires prevail,
Confirm, and Interrupt the horrid Tale;
The wide Horizon glows, the waving Blaze
Throws it's pale Glarings on the distant Seas:
In vain the Monarch flies the raging Fire,
Fell *Pyrrhus* thunders, where the Flames expire.

Far less severe this Monarch's fatal Blow,
Hurl'd down a Precipice, and plung'd in Woe,
Than shall this Day of Agonie on all
Extended Nature's wide Dominion fall;
Through the rent Brain Distraction swiftly rows,
And shakes the last Recesses of their Souls;
They wish the Lab'ring Sun quite out, no Spark
Of Day unquench'd, Earth so profoundly Dark,
In such black silent Death all Nature laid,
God might forget that e'er a World was made:

Heav'n,

Heav'n, which knows all things, may the Pain con-
But Man by Feeling only can Believe. [ceive,

From East to West they fly, from Pole to Line,
Imploring Shelter from the Wrath Divine;
Beg Flames to wrap, or whelming Seas to sweep,
Or Rocks to yawn compassionately Deep,
Seas cast the Monster forth to meet his Doom,
And Rocks but prison up for Wrath to come.

So fares a Traytor to an Earthly Crown;
While Death sits threat'ning in his Prince's Frown,
His Hearts's dismay'd; and now his Fears command
To change his native for a distant Land:
Swift Orders fly, the King's severe Decree
Stands in the Channel, and Locks up the Sea;
The Port, He seeks, Obedient to her Lord,
Hurls back the Rebel to his lifted Sword.

But why this Idle Toil to paint That Day?
This Time Elaborately thrown away?

Words all in vain Pant after the Distress,
 The Height of Eloquence would make it Less;
 Heav'n's! e'en the Good Man Trembles—

And is there a Last Day? and must there come
 A Sure, a Fixt, Inexorable Doom?—
Ambition swell, and thy proud Sails to show,
 Take all the Winds that *Vanity* can blow;
Wealth, on a golden Mountain Blazing stand,
 And reach an *India* forth in either Hand;
 Spread all thy Purple Clusters, *Tempting Vins*,
 And Thou, once Dreaded Foe, Bright *Beauty*, shine,
 Shine All; in all your Charms together rise;
 That all, in all your Charms, I may Despise;
 While I mount upward on a strong Desire,
 Borne, like the Prophet, in a Car of Fire.

In Hopes of Glory to be quite Involv'd!
 To smile at Death! to long to be Dissolv'd!

From

A Poem on the Last Day. 217

From our Decays a Pleasure to receive!
And kindle into Transport at a Grave!
What equals This? and shall the Victor Now
Boast the proud Laurels on his loaded Brow?
The Good Man's fixt on such superior Things,
He stoops to look on Crowns, or speak with Kings:
Religion! Oh Thou Cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh Joys unmixt, and fathomless Delight!
Thou, Thou art All; nor find I in the whole
Creation ought, but God and my own Soul.

Such Thoughts alone the Prophet could sustain,
In the deep Chambers of the gloomy Main;
When Darkness round him all her Horrors spread,
And the Sea bellow'd o'er his sinking Head.

When now the Thunder roars, the Lightning flies,
And all the warring Winds tumultuous rise,

When

When now the foaming Surges tost on High,
Disclose the Sands beneath, and touch the Sky;
When Death draws near, the Mariners aghast,
Look back with Terror on their Actions past;
Their Courage sickens into deep Dismay,
Their Hearts through Fear and Anguish melt away;
Nor Tears, nor Pray'rs the Tempest can appease;
Now they devote their Treasure to the Seas;
Unload their shatter'd Bark tho' richly fraught,
And think the Hopes of Life are cheaply bought
With Gems and Gold; but oh, the Storm so high,
Nor Gems nor Gold the Hopes of Life can buy.
The trembling Prophet then, Themselves to save
They headlong plunge into the briny Wave;
Down he Descends, and Booming o'er his Head
The Billows close; He's number'd with the Dead.
(Hear, oh ye Just! attend ye Virtuous Few!
And the bright Paths of Piety pursue)

Loe! the Great Ruler of the World from High
Looks smiling down with a propitious Eye,
Covers his Servant with his gracious Hand,
And bids Tempestuous Nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful Waters to give Place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft Embrace;
He bridles in the Monsters of the Deep;
The bridled Monsters awful Distance keep,
Forget their Hunger, while they view their Prey,
And Guiltless gaze, and round the Stranger play.

But still arise new Wonders; Nature's Lord
Sends forth into the Deep his pow'rful Word,
And calls the Great Leviathan; the Great
Leviathan attends in all his State,
Exults for Joy, and with a mighty Bound
Makes the Sea shake, and Heav'n and Earth resound;
Blackens the Waters with the rising Sand,
And drives vast Billows to the distant Land.

As

As yawns an Earthquake, when imprison'd Air
Struggles for Vent, and lays the Centre bare,
The Whale expands his Jaw's enormous Size,
The Prophet views the Cavern with Surprise;
Measures his monstrous Teeth afar descri'd,
And rows his wondering Eyes from Side to Side:
Then takes Possession of the spacious Seat,
And sails secure within the dark Retreat.

Now is He Pleas'd the Northern Blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid Mountains void of Fear;
Or falls Immers'd into the Depths below,
Where the dead silent Waters never flow;
To the Foundations of the Hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving Mountain's dreadful Shade;
Where never Plummets reach'd, He draws his Breath,
And glides serenely through the Paths of Death.

A Poem on the Last Day.

21

Three wondrous Days and Nights through coral
Through Labyrinths of Rocks, and Sands he roves;
When the Fourth Morning with it's level Rays
The Mountains Guilds, and on the Billows Plays,
It sees the King of Waters rise, and pour
His sacred Guest uninjur'd on the Shore;
A Type of that Great Blessing, which the Muse
In Her next Labour ardently pursues.

E

A POEM

A Poem on the Last Day.

Three wondrous Days and Nights through coral
Through Labyrinths of Rocks, and sands he roves;
When the Fourth Morning with its level Rays

The Mountains Gilds, and on the Billows Plays,

It sees the King of Waters rise, and pour

His sacred Gift unnumber'd on the shore;

A Type of that Great Blessing, which the Main

In Her next Labour ardently pursues.



A
P O E M
O N T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K I I.

----- Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζοντες εἰς φάος ἔλθῃν
 Λέγειν ἀπιοχορδύων· ὁπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ πλέθονται. Phocil.

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent Bed,
 Where He has slept for Ages, lifts his Head,
 Shakes off the Slumber of ten thousand Years,
 And on the Borders of New Worlds appears;

Whatever the bold, the rash Adventure cost,

In wide Eternity I dare be lost.

The Muse is wont in Narrow Bounds to sing,

To Teach the Swain, or Celebrate the King:

I grasp the Whole, no more to Parts confin'd,

I lift my Voice, and sing to *Humankind*:

I sing to Men and Angels; Angels joyn,

While such the Theme, their sacred Songs with mine.

Again the Trumpet's intermitted Sound

Rowls the wide Circuit of Creation round,

An universal Concourse to prepare

Of all that ever breath'd the vital Air,

In some wide Field, which active Whirlwinds sweep,

Drive Cities, Forests, Mountains to the Deep,

To Smooth, and Lengthen out the Unbounded Space,

And Spread an Area for all Human Race.

Now

Now Monuments prove faithful to their Trust,
And render back their long committed Dust,
Now Charnels Rattle; scatter'd Limbs, and all
The various Bones obsequious to the Call,
Self-mov'd advance; the Neck perhaps to meet
The distant Head, the distant Legs the Feet;
Dreadful to View! see through the Dusky Sky
Fragments of Bodies in Confusion fly,
To distant Regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted Members, and compleat the Frame.

When the World bow'd to *Rome's* Almighty Sword,
Rome bow'd to *Pompey*, and confess'd her Lord;
Yet one Day lost, this Deity below,
Became the Scorn, and Pity of his Foe;
His Blood a Traytor's Sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a *Russian's* Blade;
No Trumpets sound, no gasping Armies Yell
Bid with due Horror His great Soul farewell;

Obscure

Obscure his Fall! all weltring in it's Gore,
His Trunk was cast to perill on the Shore,
While *Yulius* frown'd the bloody Monster Dead,
Who brought the World in his Great Rival's Head:
This sever'd Head and Trunk shall joyn once more,
Tho' Realms now rise between, and Oceans roar.
The Trumpet's Sound each vagrant Mote shall hear,
Or fixt in Earth, or if afloat in Air,
Obey the Signal, wafted in the Wind,
And not one Sleeping Atom lag behind.
So swarming Bees, that on a Summer's Day
In airy Rings, and wild Meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen Sound, their Wandrings end,
And gently circling on a Bough Descend.

The Body thus renew'd, the conscious Soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the Pole,
Or midst the burning Planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er, where her pale Corps was laid;

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Or rather coasted on her final State,
And Fear'd, or Wish'd for her appointed Fate:
This Soul returning with a constant Flame,
Now Weds for ever her Immortal Frame,
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The Springs maintain an everlasting Round.

Thus a frail Model of the Work design'd
First takes a Copy of the Builder's Mind,
Before the Structure firm with lasting Oak,
And marble Bowels of the solid Rock,
Turns the strong Arch, and bids the Columns rise,
And bear the lofty Palace to the Skies,
The Wrongs of Time enabled to surpass,
With Bars of Adamant, and Ribs of Brass.

That Antient, Sacred, and Illustrious Dome,
Where soon or late fair *Albion's* Heroes come,
From Camps, and Courts, tho' Great, and Wise,
[and Just,
To feed the Worm, and moulder into Dust;

That

That Solemn Mansion of the Royal Dead,
Where passing Slaves o'er Sleeping Monarchs tread,
Now Populous o'erflows, a Numerous Race
Of rising Kings fill all the extended Space,
A Life well spent, not the victorious Sword,
Awards the Crown, and styles the Greater Lord.

Nor Monuments alone, and Burial-Earth
Labours with Man to this his second Birth;
But where gay Palaces in Pomp arise,
And gilded Theatres invade the Skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unsuspected Bones
Support the Pride of their Luxurious Sons;
The most magnificent, and costly Dome
Is but an upper Chamber to a Tomb,
No Spot on Earth but has supply'd a Grave,
And Human Skulls the spacious Ocean pave,
All's full of Man, and at this dreadful Turn,
The Swarm shall Issue, and the Hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like Manner rise,
Some lift with pain their slow, unwilling Eyes;
Shrink backward from the Terror of the Sight,
And bless the Grave, and call for Lasting Night;
Others, whose long attempted Virtue stood
Fixt as a Rock, and broke the rushing Flood,
Whose firm Resolve nor Beauty could melt down,
Nor raging Tyrants from their Posture frown;
Such in this Day of Horrors shall be seen,
To face the Thunders with a Godlike Mien;
The Planets drop, their Thoughts are fixt above;
The Center shakes, their Hearts disdain to move;
An Earth dissolving, and a Heaven thrown wide,
A yawning Gulph, and Fiends on every Side,
Serene they view, impatient of Delay,
And bless the Dawn of everlasting Day.

Oh wondrous Change! what unknown Objects
shake my Belief, and fill me with Surprize! [rise!]

Here *Greatness* prostrate falls, There *Strength* gives
 Here *Lazarus* smile, There *Beautie* hides her Face; ^{[Place;}
Christians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* stand,
 A blended Throng, One Undistinguish'd Band,
 Some who perhaps by mutual Wounds expir'd
 With Zeal for their distinct Persuasions fir'd,
 In mutual Friendship their long Slumber break,
 And Hand in Hand their Saviour's Love partake.

But none are Flusht with brighter Joy, or warm
 With Juster Confidence Enjoy the Storm,
 Than those, whose pious Bounties unconfin'd
 Have made them Publick Fathers of Mankind
 In that Illustrious Rank, what Shining Light
 With such Distinguish'd Glory fills my Sight?
 Bend down, my grateful Muse, that Homage show,
 Which to such Worthys thou art proud to Owe:
Wickham! *Fox*! *Chicheley*! hail Illustrious Names,
 Who to far distant Times dispense your Beams,

Beneath

Beneath your Shades, and near your chrystal Springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling Strings;
All hail, thrice Honour'd! 'Twas your great Renown
To Bless a People, and Oblige a Crown,
When other Records Length of Years shall blast,
In your Adopted Sons your Fame shall last,
And make those Kings to latest Ages known,
Those Happy Monarchs, under whom you Shone:
A Moment shone, Illustriously bright,
Then left the mourning World, and set in Night;
But Now you rise Eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the Rays Divine.

Indulgent God! oh how shall Mortal raise
His Soul to due Returns of grateful Praise,
For Bountie so profuse to human Kind,
Thy Wondrous Gift of an Eternal Mind?

— Shall I, who some few Years agoe was less,
 Than Worm, or Mite, or Shadow can Express,
 Was Nothing: shall I live, when Every Eye
 Of Every Star shall languish, and expire?
 When Earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant Files of Angels move,
 Or as before the Throne of God I stand,
 See new Worlds rowling from his spacious Hand,
 Where Our Adventures shall perhaps be Taught,
 As we now tell how *Michael* Sang or Fought?
 All that has Being in full Consort joyn,
 And celebrate the Depths of Love Divine!

But oh! before this Blissful State, before
 Th' Aspiring Soul this wondrous Height can soar,
 The Judge Descending thunders from afar,
 And all Mankind is summon'd to the Bar.

This

This Mighty Scene I next presume to draw,
Attend, Great ANNA, with Religious Awe;
Expect not Here the known successful Arts
To win Attention, and command Our Hearts;
Fiction be far away, let no Machine
Descending Here, no Fancy'd God be seen;
Behold the God of Gods Indeed descend,
And Worlds unnumber'd his Approach attend.

Loe! the wide Theatre, whose ample Space
Must entertain the whole of human Race,
At Heaven's All-pow'rful Edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an Immortal Guard.
Tribes, Provinces, Dominions, Worlds o'erflow
The mighty Plain, and Deluge all below;
And every Age, and Nation pours along,
Nimrod, and Bourbon mingle in the Throng,

Adam

Adam salutes his youngest Son; no Sign
Of all those Ages, which their Births disjoyn.

How empty Learning, and how vain is Art,
But as it mends the Life, and guides the Heart?
What Volumes have been swell'd, what Time been
To fix a Heroe's Birth-Day, or Descent! [spent,

What Joy must it Now yield, what Rapture raise,
To see the Glorious Race of Antient Days!
To greet those Worthy's, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on Record before the Flood!

Ah! a nearer Care your Soul demands,
Cesar Un-noted in your Presence stands.

How vast the Concourſe! Not in Number more
The Waves that break on the reſounding Shore,
The Leaves that tremble in the ſhady Grove,
The Lamps that guild the ſpangled Vault above.
Thoſe Overwhelming Armies, whoſe Command
Said to One Empire Fall, Another Stand;

Whole

Whose Rear lay wrapt in Night, while breaking
[Dawn
Rouz'd the broad Front, and call'd the Battle on,
Great *Xerxes*' World in Arms, Proud *Claude*'s Field,
Where *Carthage* taught Victorious *Rome* to Yield,
(Another Blow had broke the Fates Decree,
And Earth had wanted her Fourth Monarchy,)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia*'s Host,
They all are Here, and Here they all are Lost,
Their Millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a Billow in the unbounded Main.

This Echoing Voice now rends the yielding Air,
For Judgment, Judgment, Sons of Men, prepare;
Earth shakes anew, I hear her Groans profound,
And Hell through all her Trembling Realms resound.

Whoe'er Thou art, Thou Greatest Pow'r of Earth,
Blest with most Equal Planets at thy Birth,
Whose Valour drew the most successful Sword,
Most Realms united in one common Lord,

Who

Who on thy Day of Triumph saydst, be Thine
 The Skies, *Jehovah*, all this World is Mine,
 Dare not to lift thine Eye. — Alas! my Muse,
 How art thou Lost? what Numbers canst thou
 A sudden Bluff inflames the waving Sky, chuse? —
 And now the crimson Curtains open fly,
 Lo! far within, far far above all Height,
 Where Heav'n's Great Sovereign reigns in Worlds of
 Whence Nature He informs, and with one Ray [Light,
 Shot from his Eye, does all her Works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! Where Time, and Place,
 Matter, and Form, and Fortune, Life and Grace,
 Wait humbly at the Footstool of their God,
 And move Obedient at his Awful Nod;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant Emmets crawl
 At random on this Air-suspended Ball,
 (Speck of Creation!) if he pour one Breath,
 The Bubble breaks, and 'tis Eternal Death;

Thence

A Poem on the Last Day.

37

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal Sight
Sustains not such a rushing Sea of Light!)
I see, on an Empyrean flying Throne
Awfully rais'd Heaven's Everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that Majesty, which form'd the World,
And the Grand Rebel flaming downward hurl'd,
Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence
Support the Train of their Triumphant Prince;
A Zone, beyond the Thought of Angels bright,
Around him like the Zodiac winds it's Light;
Night shades the solemn Arches of his Brows,
And in his Cheek the purple Morning glows;
Where e'er serene he turns propitious Eyes,
Or we expect, or find a Paradise,
But if Resentment reddens their mild Beams,
That *Eden* kindles, and the World's on Flames.
On One Hand Knowledge shines in purest Light,
On One the Sword of Justice fiercely Bright.

Now bend the Knee in Sport, present the Reed,
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor, he shall bleed.

But oh! you Sons of Men, exalt your Voice,
And bid the Soul through all her Pow'rs rejoyce,
Mercy, his Darling in his Bosom found,
Scatters Ambrosial Odours all around,
Unbends his Brow, and mitigates his Frown,
And sooths his Rage, and melts his Thunders down.
My Thoughts are chang'd, Now Man exalt thine Eye,
In thy dread Judge, thy dear Redeemer spy:
E'en Judas struggles his Despair to quell;
Hope almost blossoms in the Shades of Hell.

Thus glorious through the Courts of Heav'n the
Of Life and Death Eternal bends his Course, [Source
Loud Thunders round him rowl, and Lightnings play;
The Angelic Host is rang'd in bright Array,
Some touch the String, Some strike the sounding
And mingling Voices the rich Comfort swells. [Shell,

Voices Seraphic, blest with such a Strain
Cou'd Satan hear, he were a God again;
All Heav'n shines forth, in all her Pomp compleat,
For God himself Magnificently Great.
Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
What a Stupendous Turn of Fate is this?
Oh whither art thou rais'd above the Scorn,
And Indigence of *Ham* in *Bethlem* born,
A Needy, Helpless, Unaccounted Guest,
And but a Second to the fodder'd Beast?
How chang'd from Him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the Feet himself had made?
From Him, who was Betray'd, Forsook, Deny'd,
Wept, Languish'd, Pray'd, Bled, Thirsted, Groan'd,
Hung Pierc'd and Bare, Insulted by the Foe, [and Dy'd,
All Heav'n in Tears above, Earth unconcern'd below?

And was't enough to bid the Sun Retire?
 Why did not Nature at thy Groan Expire?
 I See, I Hear, I Feel the Pangs Divine,
 The World is vanish'd, --- I am wholly Thine.

Mistaken *Caiaphas*! which was't blasphem'd?
 Thou or thy Prisoner? which shall be condemn'd?
 Well might'st thou rend thy Garments, well exclaim;
 Deep are the Horrors of Eternal Flame!
 But God is Good! 'Tis wondrous all! E'n He
 Thou gav'st to Death, Shame, Torture Dy'd for
 [Thee.

Now the descending Triumph stops it's Flight
 From Earth full twice a Planetary Height,
 There all the Clouds condens'd, two Columns raise
 Distinct with Orient Veins, and Golden Blaze,
 One fixt on Earth, and One in Sea, and round
 It's ample Foot the swelling Billows sound:

These

These an Immeasurable Arch support,
The Grand Tribunal of this Awful Court;
Sheets of bright Azure, from the purest Sky,
Stream from the Chrystal Arch, and round the Co-
[lums fly.
Death wrapt in Chains low at the Basis lyes,
And on the Point of his own Arrow dyes.

Here High Enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the Grandeur of the Godhead grac'd,
Stars on his Robes in beauteous Order meet,
And the Sun burns beneath his dreadful Feet.
Now an Arch-Angel Eminently bright
From off his silver Staff of wondrous Height,
Unfurls the *Christian* Flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the Skies.
The Cross so strong a Red, it sheds a Stain,
Where e'er it floats, on Earth and Air and Main,
Flushes the Hill, and sets on fire the Wood,
And turns the deep dy'd Ocean into Blood.

Oh

Oh formidable Glory! Dreadful Bright!
 Refulgent Torture to the guilty Sight. ---

Ah turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
 What horrid thoughts with the Polluted dwell,
 Say not (to make the Sun shrink in his Beam)
 Dare not affirm, they wish it all a Dream;
 Wish, or their Souls may with their Limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his Eternal Sway;
 But rather, if thou know'st the Means, unfold
 How they with Transport may this Scene behold.

Ah! how, but by Repentance, by a Mind
 Quick and severe it's own Offence to find,
 By Tears and Groans, and never ceasing Care,
 And all the Fierce Violence of Prayer?
 Thus then with Fervency till now unknown,
 I fling my Heart before th' Eternal Throne,

A Poem on the Last Day. 43

In this great Temple, which the Skies surround,
For Homage to it's Lord, a narrow Bound.

"O Thou! whose Ballance doth the Mountains
[weigh,
"Whose Reins the Wild Tumultuous Seas obey,
"Whose Breath can turn those watry Worlds to
[Flame,
"That Flame to Tempest, and that Tempest tame,
"Earth's meanest Son, with trembling, prostrate falls,
"And on the Plenty of thy Goodness calls.
"Ah! give the Winds all past Offence to sweep,
"To scatter Wide, or bury in the Deep;
"Thy Pow'r, my Weakness may I Ever see,
"And wholly dedicate my Soul to Thee;
"Reign o'er my Will, my Passions ebb and flow
"At thy Command, nor human Motive know;
"If Anger boyl, let Anger be my Praise,
"And Sin the Graceful Indignation raise;

"My

"My Love be warm to succour the Distrest,

"And lift the Burthen from the Soul Opprest.

"Oh may my Understanding Ever read

"This Glorious Volume, which thy Wisdom made!

"Who decks the Maiden Spring with flow'ry Pride?

"Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling Bride?

"Who joys the Mother-Autumn's Bed to crown,

"And bids Old Winter lay her Honours down?

"Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,

"Nor Europe's Arbitress of Peace and War.

"May Sea and Land and Earth and Heav'n be join'd,

"To bring th' Eternal Author to my Mind,

"When Oceans roar, or awful Thunders rowl,

"May Thoughts of thy dread Vengeance shake my

"When Earth's in Bloom, or Planets proudly shine,

"Adore, my Heart, the Majesty Divine.

"Through To

A Poem on the Last Day. 45

"Through every Scene of Life, or Peace, or War,
"Plenty, or Want, thy Glory be my Care!
"Shine we in Arms? or sing beneath our Vine,
"Thine is the Vintage, and the Conquest Thine;
"Thy Pleasure points the Shaft, and bends the Bow,
"The Cluster blasts, or bids it richly flow;
"'Tis Thou that lead'st our powerful Armies forth,
"And giv'st Great ANNE Thy Scepter o'er the
[North.
"Grant I may Ever at the Morning Ray
"Open with Pray'r the Consecrated Day,
"Tune thy great Praise, and bid my Soul arise,
"And with the mounting Sun ascend the Skies;
"As that advances, let my Zeal improve,
"And glow with Ardour of consummate Love,
"Nor cease at Eve, but with the Setting Sun,
"My Endless Worship shall be still Begun.
"And oh! permit the Gloom of solemn Night
"To sacred Thought may forcibly invite.

46 *A Poem on the Last Day.*

"When this World's shut, and awful Planets rise,
"Call on our Minds, and raise them to the Skies,
"Compose our Souls with a less Dazling Sight,
"And shew all Nature in a Milder Light;
"How every bolstrous Thought in Calms subsides!
"How the smooth'd Spirit into Goodness glides!
"Oh how Divine! to tread the Milky Way,
"To the bright Palace of the Lord of Day,
"His Court admire, or for his Favour sue,
"Or Leagues of Friendship with his Saints renew,
"Pleas'd to look down and see the World asleep,
"While Long Vigils to it's Founder keep.
"Canst Thou not shake the Centre? oh controul,
"Subdue by Force the Rebel in my Soul;
"Thou, who canst still the Raging of the Flood,
"Restrain the various Tumults of my Blood;
"Teach me with equal Firmness to sustain
"Alluring Pleasure, and Assaulting Pain;

"Oh

"Oh may I pant for Thee in each Desire!

"And with strong Faith foment the holy Fire!

"Stretch out, my Soul, in Hope, and grasp the Prize,

"Which in Eternity's deep Bosom lyes!

"And when I quit the Toils of human Race,

"Behold unveil'd the Glories of Thy Face,

"My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,

"And rival Angels in the Praise of Thee.

H 2

A POEM

A Poem on the Last Day

Oh may I part for Thee in each Desire!
And with strong Teths torment the holy Fire!
Stretch out, my Soul, in Hope, and grasp the Prize
Which in Eternity's deep Bottom lies!
And when I quit the Tolls of human Race,
Behold unveil the Glories of Thy Face,
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour be,
And rival Angels in the Ranks of Thee.

A POEM

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..



A
P O E M
O N T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K I I I.

*Esse quoque in fati reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laboret.* Ovid. Met.

THE World Alarm'd, the Planets shooke around,
The Dead arising at the Trumpet's Sound,
The Judge descending, the Celestial Guard,
And for the Grand Arraignment all prepar'd,

Th' Ad-

50 *A Poem on the Last Day.*

Th' Adventrons Muse has sung; what yet remains
Demands her last, but most exalted Strains;
And oh! or let her Now affect the Sky,
Or in Inglorious Shades for Ever lie:
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the Goal,
She mounts, she gains upon the starry Pole;
The World grows less as she pursues her Flight,
And the Sun darkens to her distant Sight;
Heav'n opening all it's sacred Pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing Blaze;
The Triumph rings! Archangels shout around!
And echoing Nature lengthens out the Sound.
Ten thousand Trumpets Now at once advance;
Now deepest Silence hushes the vast Expanse;
So deep the Silence, and so strong the Blast,
As Nature Dy'd, when she had Groan'd her Last;

A Poem on the Last Day.

51

Nor Man, nor Angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his Glory fills the Sky;
Not guilty Fear, not Fancy's self can draw
A Meeting more August, of Greater Awe;
Perhaps through all Eternity has been
By God himself nought more Tremendous seen;
And Thou, my Soul, (Oh fall to sudden Prayer,
And let the Thought sink deep,) shalt Thou be there?
Eudokia! Fair in Goodness! ever Dear!
In the chaste Warmth of Piety draw near,
Fall on my beating Heart, and joyn the Share
Which Thou detain'st, in reconciling Prayer;
Let me give all my Self, my Soul Intire,
And worship with a Fullness of Desire;
Alas! thou dost not know thy Dreadfull Power;
Start at thy Self! Thou govern'st This Great Hour!
If Thou art Ruin'd, oh can I be blest?
Tell me Ye Guardians of Eternal Rest;

Come

Come then, *Eudisia*, with my Saviour joyn,
To make me Sharer of the Love Divine.

See on the Left, (for by the Great Command
The Throng divided falls on either Hand;)
How Weak, how Pale, how Haggard, how Obscene,
What more than Death in every Face and Mien?
With what Distress, and Glarings of Affright
They shock the Heart, and turn away the Sight?
In gloomy Orbs their trembling Eye-balls rowl,
And tell the horrid Secrets of the Soul;
Each Gesture mourns, each Look is black with Care,
And every Groan is Loaden with Despair.
Reader, if Guilty, spare the Muse, and find
A truer Picture drawn in thy own Mind.

Could any Circumstance add Terror there,
Where Terror reigns adready most Severe;

Could

Could Aggravations to this Scene be made,
And cast a Shadow on so deep a Shade;
Say should'st thou see thy Brother, Father, Wife,
And all the soft Companions of thy Life,
Whose blended Interests level'd at One Aim,
Whose mixt Desires sent up One common Flame;
Divided far; Thy self, perhaps, alone
Cast on the Left, of all whom thou hast known;
How wou'd it Wound? ah! what wou'd'st thou not
For one more Tryal, one Day more to Live?
Flung back in Time an Hour, a Moment's Space,
To grasp with Greediness the means of Grace,
To push for Mercy with a Pious Rage,
And in that Moment to Redeem an Age?
Drive back the Tyde, suspend a Storm in Air,
Arrest the Sun; But still of This Despair.

Mark on the Right, how amiable a Grace!
 Their Maker's Image fresh on ev'ry Face!
 What purple Bloom my ravish'd Soul admires,
 And their Eyes Sparkling with Immortal Fires?
 Triumphant Beautie! Charms that rise above
 This World, and in blest Angels kindle Love!
 To the Great Judge with holy Pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's Anger burn;
 It's Flash sustain, against it's Terror rise,
 And on the Dread Tribunal fix their Eyes.
 Are these the Forms that moulder'd in the Dust?
 Oh the transcendent Glory of the Just!
 Yet still some rising Mists of Fear, and Doubt
 Th' Infected Brightness of their Joy pollute.

Thus the chaste Bridegroom, when the Priest draws
 Beholds his Blessing with a trembling Eye,

Feels

A Poem on the last Day.

55

Feels doubtfull Passions throb in every Vein,
And in his Cheeks are mingled Joy and Pain,
Left still some intervening Chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the Glorious Prize,
Inflame his Woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the Crisis of his Fate.

Since Adam's Family, from First to Last,
Now into One distinct Survey is cast,
Look round Vainglorious Muse, and You whoe'er
Devote your selves to Fame, and think her Fair,
Look round, and View the Lights of human Race,
Whose shining Acts Times brightest Annals grace;
Who founded Sects; Crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
Gave Names to Nations; or fam'd Empires joyn'd;
Who rais'd the Vale, and laid the Mountain low;
And taught obedient Rivers where to flow;

Who with vast Fleets, as with a mighty Chain,
 Cou'd bind the Madness of the roaring Main;
 All Lost? all Undistinguish'd? no where Found?
 How will this Truth in *Bourbon's* Palace Sound?
 Round gilded Roofs how heavily 't will fly?
 With what a Weight on Crowns and Sceptres lye?
 E'n Great and Good *Augustus* is not seen,
 Nor Haughty *Babylon's* Victorious Queen:

But what is He, who mid't the radiant Bands
 Of Spotless Saints, and Laurell'd Martyrs stands,
 Conspicuous from afar? Whose Rays so bright
 Sollicit, and attract the ravish'd Sight?
 In whom I see two distant Virtues joyn'd,
 A Royal Greatness, and an humble Mind,
 His lifted Hands, his lofty Neck surround,
 To hide the Scarlet of a circling Wound,

Th' Almighty Judge bends forward from his Throne
These Scars to mark, and then regards his Own—
Jerusalem's Foundations groan aloud,
And *Albion* sinks beneath her ambient Flood.

Nor far, methinks, I Kindred Features trace
In a Majestic, tho' a Female Face,
Her Consort by, around them smiling move,
The Beauteous Blossoms of their fruitfull Love;
Known of their Parents, they their Parents know
Their Bosoms with a double Transport glow;
Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find
All they hold dear in Equal Blessing join'd.
In One, Superior Majestic appears,
Advanc'd in Beantie, as Advanc'd in Years,
What Melting Sweetness, what Commanding Grace
Meet on his Brow like Victory and Peace?

Oh!

Oh! to what favourite Part of Humankind
Was this so Great, but Dangerous Gift design'd?
What Nation humbly cou'd Enjoy his Reign?
If Lost? with Patience such a Loss sustain?

Ah say, *Britania*, whence this Vengeance flow'd,
Hast Thou not yet Atton'd thy Martyr's Blood?
Edwards and *Henrys* still aloud Resound;
Nor are their Names in Greater *Gloster* drown'd;
Oh! what a Godlike Race in Him is Lost?
What has his Death e'en future Ages cost?

But us'd with Art, and rightly understood,
All Dispensations from Above are Goods;
And tho' with frightfull Aspect they Surprize,
Most Ills are only Blessings in Disguise.
Oh happy Issue! to Whom ne'er was known
The bright Temptations sparkling from a Throne;
Great Parents! who those bright Temptations knew,
Knowing Ingag'd, Engaging Overthrew.

And Now You reap for your successfull Fight,
Immortal Crowns of Glory and Delight:
Behold a Volume Vast since Time begun,
Just Register of all beneath the Sun,
Is thrown full Wide; Peace Ocean! Silence lull
The founding Winds! ye Spheres forbear to row!
Hear, oh Creation, thy Great Master speak! —
Now first for Guilty Man blest Angels shake.

That Hour on which th' Almighty King on high
From all Eternity has fixt his Eye,
Whether his right Hand Favour'd, or Annoy'd,
Continu'd, Alter'd, Threaten'd, or Destroy'd,
Southern or Eastern Sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave North or West Dominion o'er the World;

The Point of Time, for which that World was built,
 For which the Blood of God Himself was spilt,
 That Dreadfull Moment is Arriv'd.

Aloft, the Seats of Bliss their Pomp display
 Brighter than Brightness, this distinguish'd Day;
 Less Glorious, when of Old th' Eternal Son
 From Realms of Night return'd with Trophies won;
 Thro' Heaven's high Gates, when he Triumphant
 And shouting Angels Hail'd the Victor God. [rode,
 Horrors, *Beneath*, Darkness in Darkness, Hell
 Of Hell, where Torments behind Torments dwell;
 A Furnace formidably Deep and Wide
 O'er-boiling with a mad Sulphureous Tyde,
 Expands it's Jaws, most Dreadfull to Survey,
 And Roars/outrageous for the Destin'd Prey.
 The Sons of Light scarce unapal'd look down,
 And nearer press Heaven's Everlasting Throne.

Such is the Scene, and one short Moment's space
Concludes the Hopes, and Fears of human Race.
Proceed who dares, I tremble, as I write;
The Whole Creation swims before my Sight:
I see, I see the Judges frowning Brow,
Say not 'tis distant, I behold it Now;
I Faint, my tardy Blood forgets to flow,
My Soul recoils at the Stupendous Woe;
That Woe, those Pangs which from the guilty breast
In these, or Words like these shall be Express.

"Who burst the Barriers of my peacefull Grave?
"Ah! Cruel Death that wou'd no longer Save,
"But grudg'd me e'en that narrow, dark Abode,
"And cast me out into the Wrath of God;

"Where Shreeks, the roaring Flame, the rattling
[Chain,

"And all the Dreadfull Eloquence of Pain

"Our only Song, Black Fire's Malignant Light,

"The sole Refreshment of the blasted Sight.

"Must all those Pow'rs Heav'n gave Me to supply

"My Soul with Pleasure, and bring in my Joy,

"Rise up in Arms against Me, joyn the Foe,

"Sense, Reason, Memory increase my Woe?

"And shall my Voice ordain'd on Hymns to dwell,

"Corrupt to Groans, and blow the Fires of Hell?

"Oh! must I gaze in Terror on my Gain,

"And with Existence only measure Pain?

"What, no Reprieve, no least Indulgence giv'n,

"No Beam of Hope from any Point of Heav'n!

"Ah Mercy! Mercy! art Thou dead above,

"Is Love extinguisht in the Source of Love? —

"Bold that I am! did Heav'n stoop down to Hell,

"Th' Expiring Lord of Life my Ransom seal?

"Have I not been Industrious to Provoke,
"From his Embraces obstinately broke,
"Pursued, and panted for his mortal Hate,
"Earn'd my Destruction, labour'd out my Fate;
"And dare I on Extinguisht Love Exclaim?
"Take, take full Vengeance, rouse the slackning
[Flame,
"Just is my Lot ----- but oh! must it transcend
"The Reach of Time, despair a distant End?
"With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
"Where Thought can't follow, and bold Fancy dyes!
"Never! where falls the Soul at that dread Sound,
"Down an Abyss how dark, and how profound,
"Down, down I still am falling, (Horrid Pain!)
"Ten thousand thousand Fathoms still remain,
"My Plunge still but Begun. ----- And This for Sin?
"Cou'd I Offend, if I had never been,
"But still encreast the senseless happy Mass,
"Flow'd in the Stream, or flourish'd in the Grass?

"Father of Mercies! why from silent Earth
"Did'st thou awake, and curse me into Birth?
"Tear me from Quiet, savish me from Night,
"And make a thankless Present of thy Light;
"Fling into Being a Reverse of Thee,
"And animate a Clod with Misery!
"The Beasts are Happy; they come forth and keep
"Short Watch on Earth, and then lye down to sleep;
"Pain is for Man, and OH! how vast a Pain
"For Crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in
[Vain!
"Stifled his Groans, as far as in them lay,
"And flung his Agonies, and Death away.
"As our dire Punishment for Ever Strong,
"Our Constitution too for Ever Young,
"Curst with Returns of Vigour, still the Same,
"Powerful to Bear, and satisfy the Flame;
"Still to be caught, and Still to be pursu'd!
"To perish Still, and Still to be renew'd!

"And

"And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy Decree?

"Then Nature's chang'd, and *Hell* should *succour* me;

"And canst Thou then look down from Perfect Bliss,

"And see me Plunging in the dark Abyss,

"Calling Thee Father, in a Sea of Fire?

"Or pouring Blasphemies, at thy Desire?

"With Mortal's Anguish wilt Thou raise Thy Name,

"And by my Pangs Omnipotence proclaim?

"Thou, who canst toss the Planets to and fro,

"Contract not thy Great Vengeance to my Woe,

"Crush Worlds, in hotter Flames Fall'n Angels lay,

"On Me Almighty Wrath is cast away;

"Call back thy Thunders, Lord, hold in thy Rage,

"Nor with a Speck of Wretchedness Engage;

"Forget me quite, nor stoop a Worm to blame,

"But lose me in the Greatness of thy Name:

"Is't given to Me, to Stop thy flowing Love,

"And make such Goodness Cruelty approve?

"Shall

66 *A Poem on the Last Day.*

" Shall finfull Man grow Great by his Offence,
" And from it's Course turn back Omnipotence ?
" Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, Great God, at least
" This One, this slender, almost no Request,
" When I have wept a Thousand Lives away,
" When Torment is grown weary of it's Prey,
" When I have rav'd ten Thousand Years in Fire,
" Ten Thousand Thousands, let me then Expire.

Deep Anguish ! but too late, the hopeless Soul,
Bound to the Bottom of the burning Pool,
Tho' loath, and Ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's Justly doom'd to pour Eternal Groans ;
Enclos'd with Horrors, and transfixt with Pain,
Rowling in Vengeance, struggling with his Chain,
To talk to Fiery Tempests, to implore
The raging Flame to give it's Burnings o'er,

To

To Toss, to Writh, to Pant beneath his Load
And bear the Weight of an Offended God.

The Favour'd of their Judge in Triumph move
To take Possession of their Thrones above,
Satan's accurs'd Desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant Stations of the Sky,
Again to kindle long extinguish'd Rays,
And with new Lights promote the Heavenly Blaze;
To crop the Roses of Immortal Youth,
And drink the Fountain Head of Sacred Truth,
To swim on Seas of Bliss, to strike the String,
And lift the Voice to their Almighty King,
To lose Eternity in grateful Lays,
And fill Heaven's wide Circumference with Praise.

While this Great Theme some Nobler Wing
[pursues,
A Burning World in view calls off my Muse.

The

The Fatal Period, the Great Hour is come,
And Nature shrinks at her approaching Doom;
Loud Peals of Thunder give the Sign, then all
Heaven's Terrors in Array surround the Ball;
Fierce Lightnings with the Meteors Blaze conspire
And darted downward set the World on Fire,
Black rising Clouds the thicken'd *Aether* choke,
And spiry Flames shoot thro' the rowling Smoak,
With keen Vibrations cut the sullen Night,
And strike the darken'd Sky with dreadfull Light,
From Heaven's four Regions with Immortal Force
Angels drive on the Winds impetuous Course
T' Enrage the Flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the Storm, and Bellows through the Sky;
Here winding Pyramids of Fire ascend,
Cities and Desarts in one Ruin blend,

Here

Here blazing Volumes wafted overwhelm
The spacious Face of a far distant Realm;
There underneath down rush Eternal Hills,
The Neighbouring Vales the vast Destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that Dreadful Crack? that Sound;
Like Peals of Thunder, and the Centre shook? ^{[which broke}
What Wonders must that Groan of Nature tell?
Olympus there, and Mightier *Atlas* fell,
Which seem'd above the Reach of Fate to stand
A towering Monument of God's right Hand,
Now Dust and Smoak, whose Brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd Countrys its diffusive Shade.

High mid'st the Clouds the boyling Ocean roars
And looks far down on his decreasing Shoars
Leviathan in plaintive Thunder cry,
In distant, dismal Pants, the long-tiv'd Echoes dye.

Shew me that celebrated Spot, where all
 The various Rulers of the sever'd Ball
 Have sued for Friendship, Honour, or Redress,
 That Land, which Heav'n seem'd diligent to Bless,
 Once call'd *Britannia*; can Her Glories End?
 And can't surrounding Seas Her Realms defend?
 Alas! in Flames behold surrounding Seas!
 And all their Waters but augment the Blaze.

Some Angels Say, where ran proud *Affar* bound,
 Or where with Fruits was Fair *Europe's* croud?
 Where stretcht *Wast Lybie*? where did *India's* Store
 Sparkle in Diamonds, and her Golden Oar?
 Each lost in Each, their mingling Kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolv'd one fiery Deluge flows
 Thus Earth's contending Monarchies are joyn'd,
 And a full Period of Ambition find

And

And now whate'er or Swims, or Walks, or Flies,
Inhabitants of Sea, of Earth, or Skies;
All on whom *Adam's* Wisdom fixt a Name,
All Plunge, and Perish in the conquering Flame.

This Globe alone would but defraud the Fire,
Starve it's devouring Rage; the Flakes aspire
And catch the Clouds; and make the Heavens their
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars all melt away, [Prey,
And leave a Mighty Blank: Involv'd in Flame
The whole Creation Sinks! The Glorious Frame,
In which ten thousand Worlds in radiant Dance,
Orb above Orb their wondrous Course advance,
By that O'eruling Hand which Kindled all
The Stars, and rounded in it's Palm the Ball,
Is Crush'd, and Lost; no Monument, no Sign,
Where once so proudly Blaz'd the gay Machine.

So Bubbles on the foaming Stream expire,
 So Sparks that scatter from the kindling Fire.
 The Devastations of One dreadful Hour
 The Great Creator's Six days Work devour.
 How Rich that God who can such Charge defray,
 And heap to fling ten thousand Worlds away
 Great Wealth! and yet, (Ye Nations hear!) One Soul
 Has more to Boast, and far outweighs the Whole;
 Exalted In Superior Excellence
 Casts down to Nothing, such a Vast Expence.
 Have You not seen th' Eternal Mountains No, in
 An Earth Dissolving, a Descending God?
 What strange Surprises thro' all Nature run
 For whom these Revolutions, but for Man?
 For Him Omnipotence new Measures takes
 For Him thro' all Eternity awakes

Pours on Him Gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's Loss, and with fresh Glories fill the Sky.

Think deeply then, O Man, how Great Thou art,
Pay thy self Homage with a trembling Heart,
What Angels Guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting Thy self, Affront not God's Respect;
Enter the sacred Temple of thy Breast,
And Gaze, and Wander there a Ravisht Guest;
Gaze on those hidden Treasures Thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the Glories of thy Mind;
Of Perfect Knowledge, See, the dawning Light
Foretells a Noon most exquisitely Bright!
Here, Springs of endless Joy are breaking forth!
There, Bud the Promises of Heavenly Worth!
Worth, which must Ripen in a Happier Clime,
And Brighter Sun, beyond the bounds of Time.

Thou,

Thou, Minos, canst not guess thy Vast Estate,
 What Stores, on Foreign Coasts, thy Landing wait;
 Lose not thy Claim, let Virtue's Paths be trod,
 Thus glad all Heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
 Who to light Thee to Pleasures hung on high
 Yon radiant Orb, Proud Regent of the Sky,
 That Service done, it's Beams shall fade away,
 And God Shine forth in One Eternal Day.

F I N I S.

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